

JOURNAL

of the
world
science - fiction
society



no. 2

vol. 14

EYE ON THE FUTURE

Biggest news this time around is the incorporation of the World Science Fiction Society, the sponsoring body of your convention. Henceforth our legal name is World Science Fiction Society, Inc.

On February 23, 1956, incorporation papers were granted by the Supreme Court of the First Judicial District of the State of New York. In the next issue of the Journal we'll print the complete text of these papers and extensive information on this important new development.

Due to a goof on our part, we find ourselves without the address of member Don W. Grant. A large thankyou is in store for anyone who knows Don's address and cares to tell us. Cherchez le fan!

The Midwescon (yes, Virginia, there are other conventions) will be held this year at the North Plaza Motel, 7911 Reading Road, Cincinnati 37, Ohio on May 26th and 27th. No planned program, nothing official, no madding crowds--just lots of good old fannish chaos, no holds barred. Get your reservations in now if you plan to attend. We'll be there in force ourselves.

The Fountain Room of the Biltmore is large, well-lighted, and--coupled with the adjoining Empire Lounge--makes an ideal set of display rooms. We're sure to obtain some fine exhibits, but we'd certainly like some suggestions from the most im-

portant people of this convention--the members. Drop us a line.

Also, if you have a display you'd like to set up, contact us as soon as possible for space reservations. Fanzine publishers desiring to show off their brainchilds or anyone having a fannish display he thinks might prove interesting can obtain free display space--so long as it remains--simply by writing for it. Professional publishers, book dealers, second-hand magazine sellers, and other hucksters can obtain rates for display space by writing to us. We'll gladly help out anyone with his exhibiting problem--be he fan or pro. Address letters to the attention of the Display Committee.

Word comes from Damon Knight that the first Milford Science Fiction Writers' Conference will be held September 4-9, just after the Convention. Milford is about 90 miles from New York, easily reached by train, bus, or car. All professional and semi-pro s-f writers are cordially invited. For information write Damon Knight, Box 277, Milford, Pike Co., Pennsylvania.

K. Martin Carlson (of Kaymar Trader fame) is putting together a Nycon II Memory Book. He wants to make it a grand piece of work, as this traditional activity has degenerated in the past few years. All fan editors write to either K. Martin Carlson, 1028 Third Av. S., Moorhead, Minn.; or Ray C. Higgs, 813 Eastern Av., Connersville, Ind.

By the way, how're we doing on the Journal? We'd like to hear your comments. Don't be shy. Write till your fingers fall off, if you wish; we'll read and digest every word.

ADVERTISING RATES: full page--\$6.50, half page--\$3.50, quarter page--\$2.00, column inch--\$.75. Double for publishers. All copy should conform to a 6 3/4 x 11 full page size.



costume

party



Certainly the most sparkling event at any sf convention is the costume party. These are the hours when Dale Arden charleston with Ben Reich; when Kimball Kinnison buys a round of drinks for Jommy Cross; when Aladoree Anthar trips around the ballroom to a gay waltz, her head between those of Joe-Jim.

This year's party will be held on the night of the first official day, Saturday, Sept. 1. About ten P.M. the members of the band will raise their respective drumsticks, horns, and digits and play on and on and on.

As this year's party promises to be a veritable pageant, a national picture magazine expects to cover it, and there is the possibility of some TV network being present.

Of course, you needn't wear a costume at all--but you will have more fun if you join the garbed throng. Whether it's science fictional or frankly fantastic makes no difference--just put together some ingenuity and effort and remember the police.

Besides worthy material prizes, there will be more ego-boo for the winners than any fen could hope for; pictures will be taken, our winners will make a series of probable television appearances, and, oh, the glory of it all!

So promise yourself not to be yourself on the night of Saturday, Sept. 1, 1956. Be someone or something else. Lord knows, you might turn out to be BEM of the year.

Los Angeles

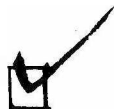
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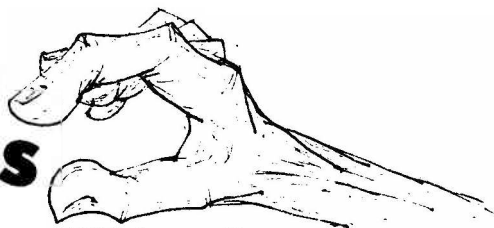


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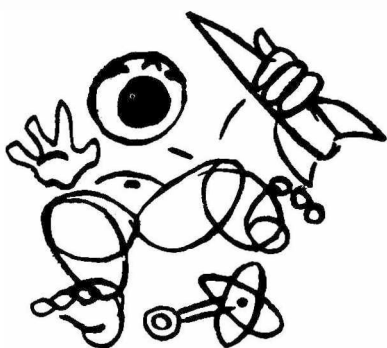
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MEMBERS



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170. Anne Paolucci
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226. Joseph Knopf
227. John Wanderer
228. Harvey J. Satty
229. Harry Flewa
230. Dennis Campbell
231. Dorothy Urman
232. Howard Mitchell
233. Mildred C. Smith

&

more
to
come



...Endlessly Rocking

Out of the mouths of babes come sharp walls. And thence also cometh a reason why many of the fen we all know and love cannot make an appearance at each year's science fiction convention. A bawling tyke is quite a problem when you want to paint the town (or at least the convention hotel) just a wee bit pink. The bright, mirthful costume party, the deeply intellectual and wonderfully mad bull sessions are just not quite the thing for a maturing embryo. And don't we all know from experience of the laws concerning minors at bars and at the open mouths of liquor bottles?

But, pass no more conventions by, dear Father and Mother Fan. You need no longer moan, while reading fanzine con reports: "We couldn't go because of Junior." You will be able, at the 1956 New York Convention, to attend and enjoy all the many things that make up this great event without any fears about the welfare and safety of your brought-along child.

We don't have a baby-sitting robot, bearing several dozen diaper-changing, cradle-rocking, formula-warming arms, with a mechanism to sing a lullaby to each child in a facsimile of its own mother's voice. No, but we do have the closest thing to it that this Atomic Age of ours can produce -- a crew of expert, patient, and low cost human baby sitters.

The Convention Committee has set aside a special large room for this purpose of maintaining the well being of the temperamental and oftimes wet Future Fen of the World. This room is

in a part of the hotel far away from all the sound and fury of the convention. All you need do is bring your child there and leave him for as long as is desired. He will be in the company of sleeping others of his generation and awake baby-sitters. If you do not wish your child in such a dormitory type scheme, there will be sitters available who will make regular tours of their assigned rooms. To facilitate matters, it is requested that all those who would prefer the latter arrangement indicate so when applying for Biltmore reservations. The hotel shall then group such people so that their rooms are in "blocks" -- an arrangement most efficient for door-to-door baby-sitting.

The prices are at a level anyone's budget can meet (and, besides, anything is worth not missing this convention--the one that will be talked about as long as fans can talk). Two dollars an hour is what each sitter will get. Therefore, if four people use a sitter it comes to fifty cents an hour for each person; five people, forty cents an hour; and so on.

So, bring your flesh-and-blood to his first science-fiction convention. Or maybe his second or third and your first peaceful one.



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CONVENTION

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a brilliant and perceptive book
about science-fiction
by the field's leading critic

**damon
knight**

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IN SEARCH OF WONDER

**snog
in the
fog
in '57**

London, anyone?